

CLUMP and CUDDEN;

OR, THE

REVIEW:

A

COMIC MUSICAL PIECE,

IN ONE ACT,

As it is PERFORMED at the

ROYAL CIRCUS,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

Mr. DIBDIN.

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXXV.

CHARACTERS.

CLUMP,	MR. JOHANOT,
CUDDEN,	MR. CONNELL,
PLATOON,	MR. MATHEWS,
LATITAT,	MR. COPELAND,
RAZOR,	MR. LEACH,
BIRCH,	MR. HENLEY,
STUD,	MR. JOHANOT, JUN.
PLUNDER,	MR. GASCOIGN,
JUDE,	MRS. HENLY,
JENNY,	MISS ROMANZINI,
FANNY,	MISS JAMESON.

CLUMP and CUDDEN.

SCENE I.

The Door of a Public House—A Table, Bowls, Glasses, Pipes, Tobacco, &c.—At the Table are sitting CUDDEN, PLATOON, LATITAT, RAZOR, BIRCH, STUD, PLUNDER, RIFLEMAN, &c.

A I R.

CHORUS.

WOULD you live, lads, a life of jollity,
Take a touch here of our quality;
To us soldiers come,
Here Bacchus of Mars beats the drum,
While Venus attending
Our joy is befriending;
Your zeal then to shew to the field and the fair,
Quickly here to the standard of pleasure repair,
Does the loud trumpet call to glory,
Or flute to tell some am'rous story,
Alike alert in ev'ry duty,
Now war his passion, and now beauty;
He fights the foe, or courts the fair,
Can kindly love, or bravely dare,

A 2

And

And honour seek 'midst clashing arms,
Well to deserve his mistress' charms.

Would you live, lads, &c.

P L A T O O N.

Fine-sounding words!—honour and fame!—
I says they're nothing but a name:
Courage and merit are neglected—
We gemmen soldiers an't respected—
We're only thought by monkey beaux,
With paper skulls and powder'd cloaths,
And silks and sattins, bags and fine tails,
Fit only for the cat o' nine tails.

C U D D E N.

'Cod, well zed, corp'ral—folks may boast,
But zummet's wrong—here goes a toast—
Here's may they long be zick i' their beds
Who first made—jumping over heads—

A L L:

Bravo! my boy.

C U D D E N.

Lawyer, what zayst?

L A T I T A T.

I says o' th' great, that bad's the best:
And harkee!

[*Whispers.*]

C U D D E N.

No!

L A T I T A T.

L A T I T A T.

True.

C U D D E N.

Indeed!

L A T I T A T.

Fact.

Sponge—

C U D D E N.

Good Lord!

L A T I T A T.

Gen'ral bankrupt act.

C U D D E N.

That's gwain to ruin thicker and faster :
What's thy opinion, friend schoolmaster?

B I R C H.

Why, if they'd take th' advice of a fool,
Your great ones should be sent to school.

S T U D.

I says, that, while upon my grounds
They'll let me hunt my pack of hounds,
It matters nothing what their ways are :
What do you say to this, friend Razor?

R A Z O R.

I says, take matters in the gross,
As how I thinks we're shav'd too close.

P L A T O O N.

PLATOON.

You think ! old Strap and Suds—you !—you !—
Did I command what would I do !
I'd raise each foldier's pay diurnal,
And ev'ry corp'ral make a col'nel.

CLUMP.

Cod, well said, corporal, again.

PLATOON.

Plunder !

PLUNDER.

Here.

PLATOON.

Must' all the men,
See their accoutrements are new,
This ev'ning's fix'd for the review,
When Phœbus shall, in all his charms
Glitt'ring, adorn the foldier's arms.

A I R.

This, this, my lad, is a foldier's life—
He marches to the sprightly fife,
And in each town to some new wife
Swears he'll be ever true :
He's here, he's there, where is he not ?
Variety's his envied lot,
He eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no shot,
And follows the loud tattoo,

II.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
 The tears of fond domestic woes
 He kisses off, and boldly goes
 To earn of fame his due.
 Religion, liberty, and laws,
 Both his are and his country's cause;
 For these thro' dangers, without pause,
 He follows the loud tattoo.

III.

And if at last in honour's wars
 He earns his share of danger's scars,
 Still he feels bold, and thanks his stars
 He's no worse fate to rue.
 At Chelsea, free from toil and pain,
 He weilds his crutch—points out the slain—
 And in fond fancy once again
 Follows the loud tattoo.

S C E N E II.

All go off except CUDDEN and PLATOON.

CUDDEN.

Here, jog a tiny bit this way.

PLATOON.

What say'st, my hearty?

CUDDEN.

What do I zay?

Can't

Can't keep a secret? be one's friend?

P L A T O O N.

Upon my sword.

C U D D E N.

Nay, there's no end
When foldiers their fine oaths begin.
Hark thee to me—Thou know'st our Jin;
She loves this mazzard here—dev'l fetch me—
And yet I do not think she'll catch me.

P L A T O O N.

Why not?—she's young.

C U D D E N.

She is, and fairish:
But lookee, I knows all the parish,
And, spite o' their simp'ring smiles and frippery,
There never was an eel so slippery;
Besides, in your ear, I've had my will of her,
And so I am more doubtful still of her.
Now this is what I wants to do,
To try our Jin—so say but you
I'm with the other honest hearts
Lifted, and gwain to voreign parts;
I soon shall by her wimp'ring see
If, as she ought, our Jin loves me.

P L A T O O N.

Enough said, lad—here take this crown
As part o' th' lifting money down.

C U D D E N.

C U D D E N.

Nay, that's as easy done as spoke.
'Twon't lift me tho'?

P L A T O O N.

Pho! that's a joke.

C U D D E N.

I understand—you'll say, d'ye hear,
That I am lifted.

P L A T O O N.

Never fear.

Nay, zounds! I'll swear it, if that's all.
March—turn your toes out—at roll-call
Fail not to-morrow, fir.

C U D D E N.

Ods curse it!

How very natural he does it.

A I R.

Good Lord! 'tis a wonderfome sight to behold
The foldiers bedaub'd all with silver and gold,
And to hear for miles off the loud drum and fife,
How they thump 'em and blow 'em away for dear
life;

While the girls slyly watch to chuse him for a lover
Who readiest and best
Can turn on his heel,
Can march and can rest,
And shoulder to boot,
And face to the right, and to the left wheel,
And present and make ready, and fire and shoot,
And come to a handsome recover.

II.

The moment a village the red coats come in,
 The wenches, good Lord ! how they titter and grin ;
 And 'teant only the young ones that crowd on the
 green,

But all ages, from seventy down to sixteen.

While the girls, &c.

S C E N E III.

*The Village ; a poor House is seen ; CLUMP is
 working in a Stall underneath the Window ;
 JUDE is within-side ironing, and JENNY sits
 on a Bench at the Door knitting.*

T R I O.

Neighbour, neighbour,

Work away,

What like labour

Makes us gay ?

The world is sad,

It knows not why.

Your poets in rhimes

May rail at the times,

But since they're so bad,

And no cure's to be had,

'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

But look behind,

And you shall find

For one poor pleasure—plagues a score ;

Nor

(H)

Nor is, I fear,
One whit more clear
The prospect, should you look before.
Then, far beyond blind Fortune's pow'r,
Live and enjoy the present hour.

R E C I T A T I V E.

J U D E.

I'faith I must not loiter so ;
Give me my basket.

C L U M P.

Ere you go,
I would thou'd'st speak a good word for me.

J U D E.

Whence is it, girl, thy looks are stormy
T' our old friend Clump—when o' the sudden
They still clear up for that rogue Cudden?

J E N N Y.

Why, mother, if you will be told,
I like not Clump because he's old ;
Besides, my Cudden's smart and gay,
And drinks and rakes all niggledy jay.
O Cudden ! Cudden ! thou has won me ;
And then he's rich too.

J U D E.

Mercy on me !

How she does rattle !—Jenny, Jenny,
Don't be a foolish headstrong ninny;

If thou say'st nay because Clump's poor,
 Thou ought'st not to be blest for sure ;
 For as there's no state e'er so high
 But has at times it's misery,
 So those in station e'er so low
 Some sweet contented moments know.

A I R.

The world's a strange world, child, it must be
 confess'd,

We all of distress have our share ;
 But since I must struggle to live with the rest,
 By my troth 'tis no great matter where.

We all must put up with what fortune has sent,
 Be therefore one's lot poor or rich,
 So there's but a portion of ease and content,
 By my troth 'tis no great matter which.

II.

A living's a living, and so there's an end,
 If one honestly gets just enow,
 And something to spare for the wants of a friend,
 By my troth 'tis no great matter how.

In this world about nothing we busied appear,
 And I've said it again and again,
 Since quit it one must, if one's conscience is clear,
 By my troth 'tis no great matter when.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CLUMP. JENNY.

CLUMP,

Oh dear! our Jin!

JENNY.

What!

CLUMP:

Nan!

JENNY.

The brute!

CLUMP,

Pray, let me get the length o' your foot.

JENNY.

How! what! win my affections you!

CLUMP.

Yes, I—now prythee buckle too.

JENNY.

Oh! no.

CLUMP:

And you're determin'd?

JENNY.

Yes!

CLUMP,

CLUMP.

And why?

JENNY.

For reasons you can't guess.

CLUMP.

Nay, where th' shoe pinches, you may swear it,
None know so well as them that wear it.

JENNY.

You're not my choice.

CLUMP.

Why, aye, that's true;
But then, you know, often a shoe
That's ready made will fit some folk
As well as if 't had been bespoke.

JENNY.

And then such difference between
Our ages—I am scarce sixteen,
And you how much?

CLUMP.

But sixty-three.

JENNY.

And prythee how would that agree?

CLUMP.

Why just as if I put together
An old sole t' a new upper leather.

JENNY.

J E N N Y.

Ho! ho! it takes away the breath o' me.

C L U M P.

Od rot thee, Jin—thou'lt be the death o' me.

A I R.

Whenever I'm mending a shoe,
Ev'ry thing in my stall that I view
To my doating remembrance brings you,
While my heart in my bosom goes thump:
The best callimanco's your hair,
Your skin is the lining so fair,
My awl to your eyes I compare,
That wounded the heart of poor Clump.

II.

Your teeth, which like ivory shew,
Are the pegs in a white even row
Which I drive, while at every blow
My heart in my bosom goes thump.
Each object of you bears a part,
Your wit, that's so piercing and smart,
Is my knife—but my lapstone your heart,
Which will ne'er let you pity poor Clump.

S C E N E V.

J E N N Y. F A N N Y.

J E N N Y.

Thus I'm oblig'd to act the part
Of pleasure with an aching heart;

For

For tho' I scoff at this poor elf,
 I'm not much better off myself;
 Ah! Cousin Fanny! trick'd out too.

FANNY.

I'm going, child, to the review,
 To see my foldier in the field
 His bayonet draw, his musquet wield;
 To see him to the rank repair,
 More willingly because I'm there.

A I R.

When in order drawn up, and adorn'd in his best,
 If my foldier appears with more grace than the rest,
 If his gaiters are jet, his accoutrements fine,
 If his hair's tied up tight, and his arms brightly
 shine,

Let him turn, wheel, or face, march, kneel, stoop,
 and stand,

Anxious still to obey every word of command;
 Erect like an arrow, or bending his knee,
 'Tis not for the gen'ral, 'tis all to please me.

II.

If with smoke and with dust cover'd over by turns,
 To gain a sham height, or false bastion he burns;
 If of danger in spite, and regardless of fear,
 He rushes to fight when there's nobody near:
 In short, let him turn, wheel, march, &c. &c.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

PLATOON, JENNY, FANNY.

RECITATIVE.

FANNY.

And see ! I scarcely found love's drums,
But at my call my soldier comes.

PLATOON.

My Fanny—What ! and Jenny here,
I've news that shall thy spirits cheer ;
For which thou'lt give me ample thanks,
Cudden shall pay thee for his pranks.

JENNY.

What pranks ?

FANNY.

Nay, coy it not to us,
The best will be too amorous
Sometimes, spite of the nicest care,
When at our feet men sigh and swear.

JENNY.

I plainly see he has told all :
Women should think before they fall,
Lest they that hour survive and weep :
Prudence by love was lull'd to sleep.

A I R.

A novice in love, and a stranger to art,
As pure as my wishes my unpractis'd heart ;

C

When

When I rose with the lark, and out-warbled the
 thrush,
 Free from falshood or guile, for I knew not to blush :
 Those past days I deplore.
 When innocence guarded my unfully'd fame,
 When to think, and to act, and commend were the
 same ;
 When on my face,
 With artless grace,
 Danc'd frolick, sport, and pleasure—now no more.

II.

Ere I listen'd and lov'd, ere man smil'd and be-
 tray'd,
 Ere by horror appall'd, and of conscience afraid ;
 Lost to each fond delight that e'er woman adorn'd,
 By a hard-judging world look'd at, pity'd, and
 scorn'd :
 Those past joys I deplore.
 Those joys, ere by man's artful treach'ry forsook,
 Which, guiltless and pleas'd, with the world I
 partook ;
 When on my face,
 With artless grace,
 Danc'd frolick, sport, and pleasure—now no more.

P L A T O O N.

Well, cheer thy spirits—he's—

J E N N Y.

Well what of him ?

P L A T O O N.

Nothing, but you'll get all shut of him.

He's

He's lifted—

J E N N Y.

Lifted!

P L A T O O N.

With a view,
As he believes, just to try you;
But if you'll give into my whim,
The scheme shall pretty well try him,

F A N N Y.

What is't, Platoon?

P L A T O O N.

What are those drums?
As sure as murder here he comes.

S C E N E VII.

JENNY, FANNY, CLUMP—*awkwardly dressed
as a Drummer.*

Why! what the devil have we here?

C L U M P.

—I spose I looks a little queer;
Alter'd all over drefs and phiz,
Come, you shall hear how the thing is;
The cruelty of that there creature,
Thinks I—as how no human nature
Can't ne'er support, and so I goes,
Quite whelm'd, as one may say, with woes,
To drown myself—where was I?—stay!
Oh! meeting neighbour Mudge i'th' way;

Says neighbour Mudge—wer't me I'd liver,
 Than like blind puppies drown i' th' river,
 For a captain list—grow great in story,
 Go to the wars, and die with glory ;
 And so, d' ye see, without more mystery,
 That I may make a noise in history,
 I'm come, 'tis true, for I'm no hummer,
 To you to list me for a drummer.

PLATOON.

A charming thought—Jenny, my heart,
 Speak, girl ; can't act a sprightly part ?

JENNY.

I could once, ere, to reason blind,
 I lov'd, and lost my peace of mind.

PLATOON.

And shalt again, girl—Clump, this way ;
 Dost thou love Jenny here, I say ?
 Like a soldier speak—dost doat upon her ?

CLUMP.

Damme—and zounds—and 'pon my honour.

PLATOON.

Hast thou a heart ?—speak out, you ninny.

CLUMP.

I had before I gave 't to Jenny.

PLATOON.

Well, thou'lt have her's, with int'rest lumping,
 If thou'lt give Cudden a good thumping.

CLUMP.

CLUMP.

A what?

PLATOON.

A basting.

CLUMP.

Well, I'll see.

PLATOON.

And then, like my dear Fan, shall she,
To pay attention to her lover,
Follow thee, Clump, the whole world over.

A I R.

Say, Fanny, wilt thou go with me?
Perils to face by land and sea
That tongue can never tell ye?
And wilt thou all these dangers scorn,
Whilst in these arms
I hold thy charms,
Enraptur'd ev'ry op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez.

II.

FANNY.

Yes, yes, Platoon—I'll go with thee;
In danger whatfoe'r it be—
Believe 'tis truth I tell you;
My constant mind shall peril scorn,
Brave all alarms,
So in my arms
I hold thee every op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez.

III.

III.

PLATOON.

Still, Fanny, wilt thou go with me?
Suppose the cruel fates decree—
Alas! how shall I tell you?
The news should come—thy soldier fell,
And thou shalt hear,
Appall'd with fear,
Next morn his fatal passing bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.

IV.

FANNY.

Still, fearless, will I go with thee,
Resign'd to cruel fate's decree,
And bravely this I tell you:
When on the spot my soldier fell
I'd shed a tear,
The world should hear,
Mingling with his, my passing bell,
While the drum beat reveillez.

V.

BOTH.

To the world's end I'd go with thee,
Where thou art—danger ne'er can be;
My joy no tongue can tell you:
And sure such love may perils scorn,
Brave all alarms,
While in my arms
I hold thee ev'ry op'ning morn,
When the drums beat reveillez.

CLUMP.

CLUMP.

I'll do't, my boy—I'm ready for'n!

PLATOON.

He's coming! fure as you are born.

SCENE VIII.

PLATOON, CLUMP, CUDDEN, FANNY, JENNY.
Make up to Jenny.

CUDDEN.

Well! how goes it
About our scheme—I spose she knows it.

PLATOON.

Our scheme—a likely way to hobble her;
Why zounds! she's married to the cobler.

CUDDEN.

To Clump—fine work! and so he'll find it.

PLATOON.

Come! come with me! and never mind it.

CUDDEN.

I'll speak a little to um first,
Sarvent, good volk—Dam't I shall burst;
Now dounty think as I'm uneasy,
Why, zounds and fire! art thee run crazy,
Our Jin!

CLUMP.

Nay make not such a clatter,
Good friend!

JENNY.

Pray, fellow, what's the matter?

CUDDEN.

C U D D E N.

Nay nothing, fellow!

C L U M P.

Come don't bluster;
I'cod he's in a charming fluster.

C U D D E N.

But, Jin!

C L U M P.

Nay, take away thy paws!

C U D D E N.

Dost naw thee'ft get a lick i'th' jaws?

C L U M P.

Hey! what?

C U D D E N.

Nay dam't, then there 'tis for thee!

P L A T O O N.

Come, now's your time.

C U D D E N.

What! can't that stir thee?
Then take another.

C L U M P.

Save me—murder!
I'll carry on the farce no further;
I'm too much of the dunghill cock
For the wars to take off this fool's frock:
And, Master Cudden, as for thee,
Thy Jenny is no wife for me.

C U D D E N.

CUDDEN.

Not married! thou'lt a good escape,
 Clump—Harkee! look before dost leap,
 For fear, d'ye see, thy wife should cheat thee:
 Curse it, I'm sorry that I beat thee.

A I R.

'Twere better I took your advice, my good neighbour,
 Henceforward my conduct I'll mend;
 With joy and content to my *last* will I labour,
 Still striving to make a good *end*.
 And then as to lover I'll ne'er think of a woman,
 No, never! I'll swear it by goles;
 But, like methodist preachers on Kennington Com-
 mon,
 I'll live by the mending of soles.

II.

Many battles I'll fight—o'er a pot of good porter
 Whole armies I'll kill—in my stall
 To no soul—of a shoe—will I ever give quarter,
 And what hides will I pierce—with my awl,
 And then as to love, &c.

SCENE IX.

PLATOON, CUDDEN, JENNY, FANNY.

PLATOON.

Well! was not it a pleasant jest?

D

CUDDEN.

C U D D E N.

What, about I?—Nay, you know best;
It mought, but I can't say I saw't.

F A N N Y.

'Twas ev'ry bit the corp'ral's fault.

J E N N Y.

He made us to it.

C U D D E N.

Ah!—mayhap so;
But I'm not to be caught i' th' trap so.

A I R.

C U D D E N.

A man that's benighted or drunk may mistake,
And headlong fall into a snare,
But sober, at noon, all his senses awake,
He'll sure take a little more care;
So whimper or snivel, I say 't to your face,
Toy as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.

J E N N Y.

A woman, no longer her reason in view,
May headlong fall into a snare,
While the brute her betrayer still leaves her to rue,
That she took not a little more care;
So, tho' I've been faulty, I say 't to your face,
No toying henceforth till the priest shall say grace;

C U D D E N.

C U D D E N.

Away to the wars then, a soldier, I'll go,
To find in each quarter a wife ;
I'll roar and I'll rant, wench a little, or so,
But no one shall snap me for life ;
For, in spite of their fanzies, I'll say to their face,
Toy as much as you like, but no priest shall say grace.

J E N N Y.

Adieu ! and for ever then, since thou wilt go,
May'st thou find in each quarter a wife ;
'Twill never vex me—mind, 'tis I tell thee so,
A more kind one will take me for life ;
For, whatever thou think'st, I declare to thy face,
I never will toy—till the priest shall say grace,

C U D D E N.

Here, take thy money, friend.

P L A T O O N.

What money ?

C U D D E N.

Why, that I took to list—

P L A T O O N.

No, honey ;
That trick won't pass—you're listed fairly ;
Aye, and shall serve too—

F A N N Y.

It works rarely,

D 3

C U D D E N.

C U D D E N.

Thou shalt get hang'd first.

P L A T O O N.

That we'll see;

Come, come, fir, march along with me.

C U D D E N.

You're not in earnest?—Jenny!—Fanny!—

You cannot have the heart now—canny?

P L A T O O N.

Come, master Cudden, here's the truth:

All who betray imprudent youth,

Who lye, that women may believe,

And leave them afterwards to grieve,

And their malignant stars to curse,

Deserve thy fate, and ten times worse.

Come, march; ne'er let thy spirits falter;

Thou mad'st for thy own neck the halter.

J E N N Y.

Bye, Cudden.

F A N N Y.

He's in a rare flurry!

P L A T O O N.

Come!

C U D D E N.

You're in such a woundy hurry:

Will nothing move thee, corp'ral?

P L A T O O N.

No.

C U D D E N.

C U D D E N.

What money wou'dst take to let me go?
Speak ; I can give thee zummet handsome:
How much woot hay?

P L A T O O N.

Not the king's ransom:
And yet there is a price.

C U D D E N.

Wounds ! say it.

P L A T O O N.

But shall I have 't—if thou can'st pay it?

C U D D E N.

Aye, that thou shalt, if 'twere a guinea.

P L A T O O N.

Give us thy hand then——Marry Jenny.

C U D D E N.

I sposes she won't ha me now ;
Woot?—Jenny, speak—

J E N N Y.

I know not how—
If thou'rt sincere.

P L A T O O N.

I'll make short work :
To-morrow morn we'll all to kirk,

And

And soon as e'er the priest shall tie
 Cudden and you, and Fan and I,
 There, before all our friends at large,
 He shall receive his full discharge. [Drum beats.]
 But hark ! I must retire from beauty,
 For the drum calls me to my duty.

C U D D E N.

Jin, gi' us a kiss ; I'm thine for ever,

J E N N Y.

And shall we never part ?

C U D D E N.

No, never.

SCENE draws, and discovers an open hilly Country, where all the Manœuvres are performed of a Review and Sham-Fight : after which the Characters come forward.

C H O R U S.

Thus soldiers should in time of peace,
 That martial spirit ne'er may cease,
 Their nation's glory to increase,

Appear in this trim array ;
 While each, of emulation vain,
 Shall follow in the noble train,

While the drums beat

To the battle's heat,

And the spectators, one and all,
 With joy obey the public call—

While fifes shall sweetly sweetly play—

In chorus joining, cry—Huzza !

The E N D.